

SENTIMENTAL

TOUR

THROUGH

NEWCASTLE;

BY A YOUNG LADY.

NEWCASTLE:

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1794.

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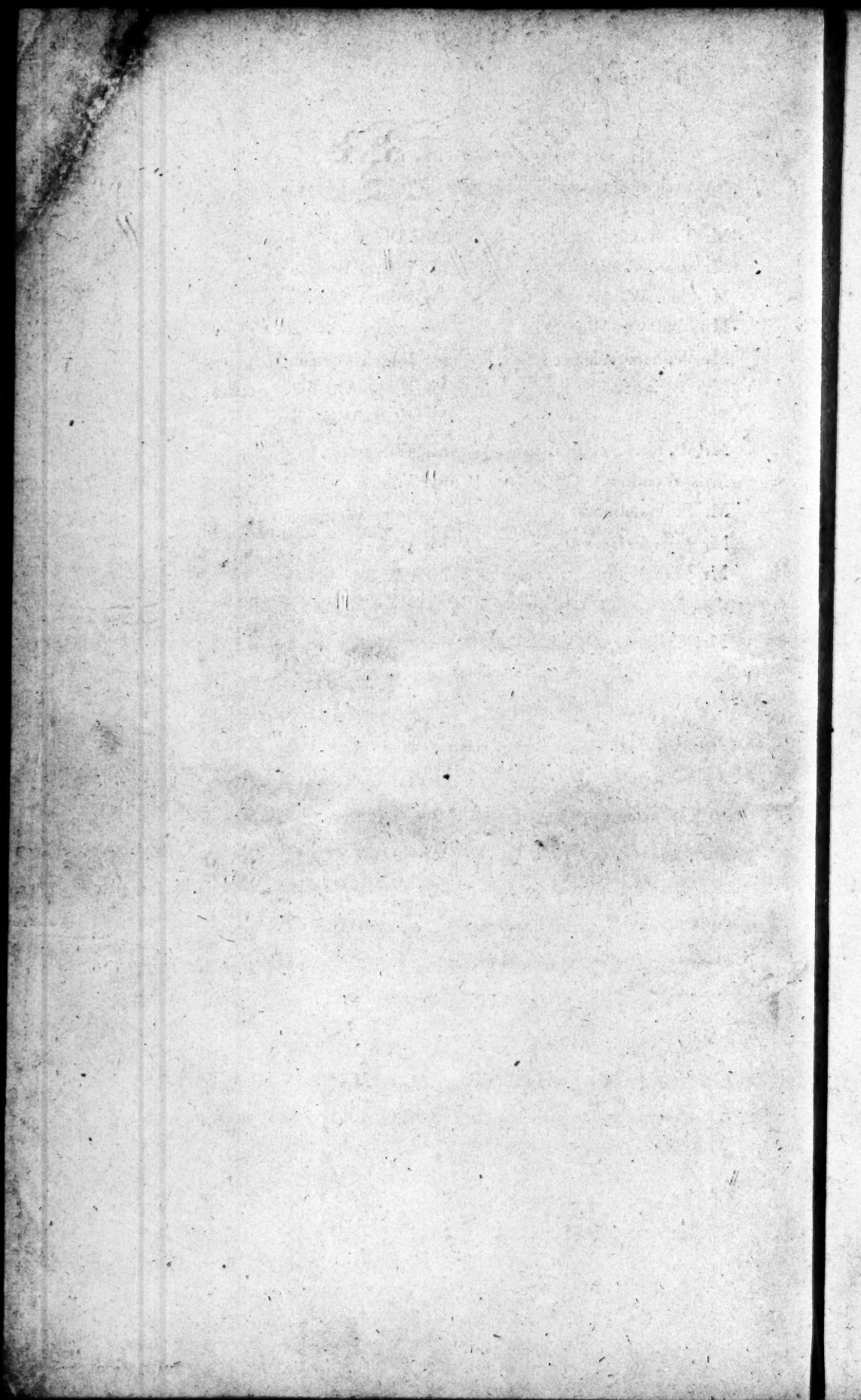
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A

SENTIMENTAL TOUR &c.

IT was a delightful evening, towards the latter end of September; the clock had just struck nine, and the moon was risen when we arrived at the house of our worthy friends; our arrival was announced;—we alighted;—we entered;—and were welcomed—not in the courtly modes of modern politeness—a smiling face, and a deceitful heart—far otherwise; it was the welcome of British hospitality, heightened by sincere friendship. Our first conversation would be tiresome to relate, it consisted only of the usual compliments, the particulars of our journey, inquiries after old friends, and that everlasting topic of our nation

THE WEATHER.

The finest harvest, said Mr Brookly, our worthy host, I ever remember; I—our good friend was proceeding, but was prevented by the entrance of

A

SUPPER,

SUPPER.

Travelling sharpens the appetite; we soon finished our repast, and being fatigued with our journey, retired early to rest. The night was to me a perfect

BLANK !

The lives of too many of us are nothing more—but I am not writing reflections on the conduct of mankind.

THE MORNING

Was as fine as the preceding evening had been, and the sun which had succeeded to the moon, gave me a view of this large and populous town, but we were soon summoned to

BREAKFAST.

Well, Juliet, cried Mr Brookly, you look as if you had slept off the fatigue of your journey;—excellent coffee, cried the Parson;—the best hot buns I ever tasted said Edmond, and helped himself again, holding the plate at the same time to Louisa;—Madam you eat nothing said Mrs Brookly;—Warm work between the royalists and republicans, said my brother, laying the newspaper very deliberately down, whilst he sipped off the remainder of his coffee—A fine day for a walk, cried the

the Parson, and snatching up his hat, asked who would accompany him? We were all well enough disposed to accept the invitation, and sallied forth, to

SAINT NICHOLAS' CHURCH.

The beautiful steeple of which, is ever looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments of the north of England; it is two hundred feet high, and for lightness and elegance, is as far superior to the modern steeples, as the architect who built it has been to the modern builders of churches.

THE CHURCH

Is far inferior to the steeple, having been built by a different hand.

THE BELLS

Are eight in number, and very good ones.

THE ORGAN

Is the best I ever heard—Come hither, cried Edmond, and led us to

ROGER THORNTON'S MONUMENT,

Which is exceedingly curious; but we soon left this antique piece, to look at the elegant

MONUMENT OF THE LATE ALDERMAN RIDLEY.

The workmanship is excellent, but the inscription,

tion, which is much more deeply engraven on the hearts of his fellow-burgeffes will ever be a lasting monument of his virtues. We took a flight view of the other monuments, and finding nothing else worthy of notice here, proceeded to

SAINT JOHN'S CHURCH.

This church, said Mr Brookly, is much improved within these few years, and may now be called a neat place. In this church is

THE MONUMENT OF THE REVEREND MR CLAYTON,

Of black and white marble, and for neatness and elegance, inferior to few of the kind. In this church-yard is the tomb of Mr Cunningham, the celebrated Pastoral Poet. We paid the just tribute of a sigh to his memory, whilst we read this inscription,

“He gathered the effence of simplicity, and ranged it in pastoral verse.”

This and all the other parishes in Newcastle, have both excellent Charity and Sunday schools belonging to them; they and they alone, are worthy of the gifts of fortune, who employ them to the noblest of purposes, that of rescuing their fellow-creatures from ignorance and vice, and placing them in the road to virtue and useful knowledge. We next visited

THE

THE FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

For the sons of the freemen of this Corporation; and I need but mention the names of Sir John Scott, and Sir Robert Chambers, who here received the rudiments of their education, to shew that it is inferior to no institution of the kind; and it is but justice to the virtues and abilities of the Reverend E. Moises, the present worthy master, to say, that whilst he forms the minds of his pupils to learning, he does still more, he engages them to the love of virtue by his example; for what is precept without example?—What indeed!

THE SPITAL.

Here Mr Brookly informed us, the mayor of Newcastle is annually chosen, on the first Monday after Michaelmas day.

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

Though smaller than those of York, or Bath, are not inferior, in point of neatness and elegant simplicity, to any in England; the front, which is beautifully finished in the Ionic order, is a striking proof of the taste and judgement of Mr Newton, Architect.

THE BATHS.

Built from a plan of Mr Cranfon (formerly an actor belonging to the Newcastle company of Comedians)

medians) are exceedingly neat and commodious ; there is both an excellent cold Bath, and one artificially heated ; no pains nor expence have been spared to render them as convenient as possible : Having viewed these, we proceeded to

THE HOSPITAL FOR LUNATICS.

An elegant and extensive brick building, with a neat pediment in the centre, and the whole well finished according to the rules of modern architecture ; it is endowed and managed in every respect in a manner which does honor to the founders and conductors ; the gardens are spacious, and the patients are treated with all the humanity and attention their unhappy situation can possibly admit. The sight of this hospital filled us with a kind of melancholy pleasure ;—on the one hand, to see such numbers of our fellow-creatures labouring under the most dreadful of all human calamities, was a sight which no mind possessed of the least degree of sensibility, could behold unmoved ; but, when we considered that if human nature was exempt from misfortune, there would be no room for the display of those noble virtues, charity and compassion, we could not but acquiesce in the wise ways of Providence, and acknowledge, that *every evil has its good*. This institution has lately sustained a heavy loss in their Physician, the late Doctor Hall ;

Hall ; but the great abilities and humanity of Doctor Pemberton, will, we trust, be found an ample compensation ;—public losses are not always repaired so well.—I think, said the Parson, we will have time before dinner, to view

THE INFIRMARY.

A noble institution, supported by benefactions, and annual contributions, from most of the principal inhabitants of Newcastle and the neighbouring counties. It is a large, handsome, stone building, fitted up with every possible neatness and convenience, and supported with that liberality which ever marks the character of the English nation. The internal rules and government of this institution, said Mr Brookly, are most judiciously framed ; the governors hold a general court quarterly, at which a committee is appointed, consisting of thirty-six gentlemen, twelve residing in the county of Northumberland, twelve in the county of Durham, and twelve in Newcastle upon Tyne, which is called the house committee, and has the regulation of all affairs relating to the internal business of the charity for the ensuing quarter : besides these general courts, there are special courts held on all occasions of particular business, such for instance as electing a new physician or surgeon. A sermon for the benefit of the Infirmary is preached

ed annually before the stewards and governors, on the day on which the Judges enter Newcastle for the purpose of holding the Assizes. The funds of this charity are considerable, and it may reckon among its benefactors, most of the principal gentlemen in the North. Every subscriber of two guineas per annum, may recommend two in-patients, or four out-patients, and so in proportion for larger subscriptions ; benefactors of ten pounds have, I believe, the same privilege, and those who give larger sums proportionally. The numberless accidents, to which those are exposed who are employed in the extensive coal-works in this country, call for the frequent exertions of humanity, and the liberal plan upon which this charity is founded, renders it of universal utility.

We thanked our worthy friend for his information, and proceeded to

THE CIRCUS,

Built for the performance of Equestrian exercises, and very well adapted to the purpose.—Equestrian exercises may be very well,—said Edmond, the Pedestrian exercise of walking, is certainly very conducive to health ;—a walk will procure us an appetite for our dinners ;—and taking Louisa's hand, put it under his arm, and led us to

THE FORTH.

A large, beautiful square green, surrounded with

with gravel walks, and rows of trees. But, I believe, said my brother, we had best make haste home, for I think yonder cloud will give us a shower. I hope not, said I.—I wish, said Louisa, I had brought my umbrella, I thought of it when we were in Westgate-street, but you know, as the song says “Reflection and reason are ever too late.”—There was something in this, that I could not reconcile to my ideas;—reason always reminds us early enough of our duty, and it is our own fault if we will not listen to her voice;—but to return; the cloud past by without doing us any injury;—The misfortunes which seem to threaten us, sometimes do so likewise;—and we returned to Mr Brookly’s.

Well, ladies, said Mrs Brookly, how do you like Newcastle? Our answer was such as assured her we thought highly of her native place.—Compliments are sometimes paid at the expence of truth.—This was not the case here;—for Newcastle is certainly no way inferior to any provincial town in England.

DINNER

Coming in, put a stop to our conversation; our walk, had prepared us for our repast, but there was another circumstance which rendered it doubly agreeable, and which seldom fails to pre-

B

fide

side at the table of a native of Northumberland,—
a cordial welcome.

I ever admired the fish at Newcastle, said Louisa, but I think this is preferable to any I ever tasted.

Your markets, I presume sir, said the Parson, are always well supplied with fish, being situated so near the sea.

Not so well as might be expected sir, returned Mr Brookly; since the commencement of the war, the great wages given to seamen by the colliers, and other vessels trading from this part of the world, have induced many old men, formerly employed in fishing, to go to sea, though the corporation gives great encouragement to the men who bring fish to the Quay in boats.

I suppose uncle, said Edmond, you have had a great quantity of salmon, this and the preceding season.

There has indeed been a large quantity taken, replied Mr Brookly, but owing to the monopolizing practices of those who kit salmon, a considerable number, I am afraid, are daily withheld from being cut up, and exposed to sale, by which means, the inhabitants of this town, are too often prevented from buying it at a reasonable price.

It should not be so, said I;—where nature, the common parent of all, has poured forth plenty
with

with a liberal hand, all her sons are surely entitled to partake; and they, who to enrich themselves, deprive others of her bounty, deserve least of all to share in it.

Your beef is excellent, madam, said the Parson;—excellent indeed, said Edmond, and desired his uncle to help him to another slice.

Social conversation employed the rest of the time during dinner;—when the cloth was removed, I asked Mr Brookly if he would favour us with some account of

THE TOWN AND COUNTY OF NEW- CASTLE UPON TYNE.

This town, said our good friend, sends two members to parliament, and is governed by a mayor, ten aldermen, a recorder, sheriff, twenty-four common-council-men, and other inferior officers. The mayor and sheriff are annually elected. Quarter sessions are held here, at which felons, &c. are tried, and the power of the court with regard to punishments, extends to sentencing such as are convicted, to be whipped, imprisoned, or transported; but all capital offenders are tried at the assizes. The revenues of this corporation are very considerable, having had very valuable estates left by will for its use. As a trad-

ing town, Newcastle may justly rank with the first in England: upwards of four hundred thousand chaldrons of coals are annually shipped here for home consumption and exportation. The number of grindstones exported from hence is also very considerable; and the extensive iron works carried on at Swallwell, by Messrs. Crowley and Co. is another great source of trade. Two fairs are held here annually, for horses, cattle, cloth, &c. they continue nine days each, the first begins on the twelfth of August, the other on the twenty-ninth of October; besides these, there is a fair for fat cattle held here on the twenty-second of November; and I hope, continued our worthy friend, that it will not be looked on as mere partiality if I say, that the spirits of ingenuity and industry, which characterize our nation, are no where more conspicuous than in the inhabitants of Newcastle, and a proof of their benevolence we saw in the Infirmary which we viewed this morning, to which may be added the Dispensary, and many other charities of a private nature.

We thanked our kind instructor for his information;—we most cordially joined with him in his concluding observations;—the afternoon being fine, Edmond proposed another walk, to view

ALL

ALL SAINTS CHURCH.

A most beautiful modern building; the pews are all of mahogany, and the ceiling is remarkably neat; but the church being of a round form, has the disadvantage to which all circular buildings are subject,—that of drowning the voice of the preacher, and rendering it impossible for those who are seated at any distance from him to hear his discourse distinctly;—the workmanship is truly elegant, said Louisa;—and the expence is truly elegant also, replied Edmond!—We now proceeded to

MOSLEY-STREET,

So called after the worthy alderman of that name.

This street, and Dean-street (said Mr Brookly) both of which have been made within these nine years, are very great improvements to Newcastle, and I may say with truth, are not excelled by any streets of the same extent, I ever saw.

THE THEATRE ROYAL,

Said Mr Brookly, was opened in 1788 previous to which time, there was no licensed place of dramatic entertainment in Newcastle, though there is another play-house in the Bigg-market, which is now shut up. This Theatre is equal to any in
the

the north of England, and the actors in general are as good as any out of the metropolis ; the scenes are well executed, that in particular of the Sand-hill does great credit to the artist who painted it ; the boxes are decorated in an elegant stile, and the stage is embellished with peculiar neatness.—But why are his Majesty's arms, over the stage left without supporters ? said my brother.

* * * * *

The question was natural, for all that.

The theatre is shut at present, said Mr Brookly ; but I hope our good friends will honor us with another visit when it is open. I hope they will, said Mrs Brookly. I hope so too, reechoed Edmond.

Hope!—Sweet guide, sent down from above,
to lead us thro' this vale of misery, what should
we do without thee ? When the rough hand of adversity
lays heavy on us, thou canst make the
weight of woe seem light

“Heav'n in our cup this cordial drop has thrown,
“To make the bitter draught of life go down.”

THE MOOT-HALL.

This place, said Mr Brookly, though within the walls of Newcastle, still retains the ancient privilege of having the Assizes for the county of Northumberland held here.

Affizes for the county of Northumberland held here! said I with great surprize,—I wonder they do not take it down, and rebuild it.

True, replied my brother;—but you know, as Shakespear says, “If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to be done, chapels had been churches, and poor men’s cottages, princes palaces.”—So opulent a county as Northumberland, to have such an Affize-hall, is strange, strange indeed!

THE GRAND JURY ROOM.

Here (said our good friend) the High Sheriff of Northumberland receives the compliments of his friends, on the day when his Majesty’s Justices of Affize are expected in Newcastle; and from hence he goes in procession, on horseback, accompanied by a large retinue of gentlemen and carriages, to Sheriff-hill, (about three miles from Newcastle) to meet the judges, who accompany him in his own carriage, back to Newcastle Bridge, where they are met by the Town-sheriff, on foot, attended by a number of the Free-burgesses; they then proceed to the Town-court, where the mayor and aldermen are ready to receive them; one of the Judges opens his commission here, and the other proceeds to the Moot-hall for the same purpose.

This town is surrounded by a wall, which is,
at

at present, in a ruinous condition; it has eight gates, and over that called Newgate is

NEWCASTLE TOWN AND COUNTY GAOL.

All the rooms in this prison, except that for condemned prisoners are up stairs; and the degree of attention paid to cleanliness, and the health of the prisoners, is much greater than will be met with in most gaols. The late Mr Howard (said Mr Brookly) says in his account of this gaol, that "debtors and felons are not thus accommodated in any other prison in England," and I believe every one who visits this place will allow the observation to be true. I could not help paying the tribute of a sigh to the memory of that great and good man, on the recollection of his unwearied labours for the good of mankind. The late worthy Doctor Rotheram, said Mr Brookly, visited the prisoners as a physician, without any reward, except that best of all rewards,—the pleasure of doing good. There are two chaplains, who do duty alternately; and a surgeon is appointed to attend such of the prisoners as are sick. The debtors have liberty to walk near a hundred yards from the gaol, and there is a battery on the top where they may walk likewise. There is also in Newcastle, a smaller prison called

THE

THE TOWER OF THE CLOSE,

Consisting of three rooms, where prisoners are allowed two-pence a day, as in Newgate. Prisoners brought from Morpeth, to be tried at the Assizes, are confined in a damp dungeon, in the old Castle, in the Castle-yard.—Bless me! cried Mr Brookly, it is almost six o'clock,—'tis time to think of returning,—and we began our walk home.

TEA.

Tea-table chat may be entertaining,—but it is seldom instructive.—It will scarce ever bear a repetition.—Shall I then repeat ours?—Let me consider

* * * * *

Yes, I will.

Liberty—said Mr Brookly. Hackneyed word! used as a cloak for the vilest of all slavery, knaves hold up the idol, and fools worship it.

Equality, vain phantom! cried Edmond,—the mention of it always brings to my mind, the words of my favorite poet.

“Order is Heav’ns first law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence,
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.”

“But fortune’s gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest?”

C

True,

True, said the Parson,—happy is the British nation, under a mild, and well regulated government, and blest with the best of kings, who is at once the sovereign and the father of his people.

How does the war go on? said Louisa.

Women have no business with politics, I think—said Edmond,—setting down his tea-cup, and smiling at Louisa.

Think again, Edmond, (said the Parson) and you will surely think better; a female politician, is, I grant, an odious character, but certainly every lady should be so far versed in the affairs of Europe as to understand the contents of a newspaper; and I hope *you*, will never chuse a wife for whom you must blush every time she opens her lips in company.

Poor Edmond! The laugh turned against him, but was he quite wrong? The tea-table was removed, but Mr Brookly and the Parson having taken up the subject of politics, like true Englishmen, could not let it drop again.—Mrs Brookly, Louisa, Edmond, and my Brother, had engaged in a party at whist, and I took up a book which lay near me,—opened it,—and found it to be, a System of Astronomy,—I could make nothing of it,—it was far above my comprehension;—I laid it down again,—took up another,—it was the history

history of Emilia Fitzroy ;—Alas ! I was no better off,—for I read no novels ;—I took up a third—the third is said to be a lucky number,—it proved so to me,—for this was a volume of Shakespear's Works ;—this was the passage I opened at,

“ Reason thus with life :

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would reck.”

But who has philosophy enough to reason in this manner? thought I— true, indeed, the many griefs, the many afflictions we are exposed to, may make us unhappy, but still the love of life is natural, and——

Two by honors, and the odd trick, cried Edmond—and interrupted my meditations ;—the thread of our ideas is easily broken, but not so easily joined again.—The knave of hearts, Louisa, said Edmond, may be a good card,—but a knave would be a bad partner for life—a knave's heart would not be worth accepting.—Very true, replied Louisa, but how shall I be able to distinguish a knave?

I really cannot tell that, returned Edmond, giving me a look which I easily translated ;—the language of the eyes is very intelligent,—lovers generally find it so ;—But what have we to do

with lovers?—there were no lovers amongst us.

SUPPER.

A fine bird, indeed, said the Parson, cutting up a partridge. Partridges are very good eating, —said my brother,—but roast beef, you know is Englishmen's food, conveying a handsome slice to his plate.—Ladies your healths, said Edmond;—really, uncle, your Port wine, at Newcastle exceeds any I ever drank.

After supper, the Parson, who is a capital performer on the German-flute, entertained us with several favorite airs,—and in particular the favorite and charming one of “God save the king”—and so we concluded the evening,—could we conclude it better?

SATURDAY.

We breakfasted rather early this morning, having promised to accompany Mrs Brookly to

NEWCASTLE MARKET,

Which, we were told, excited the admiration of all strangers, and I believe, there is not one in England better supplied: the quality of the meat is no way inferior to the quantity, and the beef in particular is remarkably fine. From the market we proceeded to

THE

THE EXCHANGE,

Which has been a most elegant building, but is now in a ruinous state, having been damaged by a fire about two years ago.

THE HALL

Where the Assizes are held, is a very handsome room ; and adjoining to it is

THE MERCHANTS' COURT.

Which is likewise an elegant room, where the merchants' company meet on all business relating to the affairs of the company.

Mr Brookly told us a very remarkable circumstance here ; a Crow built her nest, and hatched her young, for seven successive years, upon the top of the spire of the Exchange, and forsook it the very year before the fire happened. We next viewed

THE CHAPEL OF SAINT THOMAS a BECKET,

Which is small but exceedingly neat. This Chapel, said the Parson, may boast of an excellent forenoon lecturer in the reverend Mr Ridley, and it is no more than truth to say, that his virtues are equal to his abilities.

THE

THE RIVER TYNE,

Has its source at a place called Crofsfell in the county of Cumberland, upwards of fifty miles from Newcastle, and empties itself into the German Ocean at Tynemouth, nine miles below Newcastle, after running through great part of Northumberland: it is near five hundred feet broad at Newcastle Quay, to which place it is navigable for ships of four hundred tons burthen at spring tides, and for boats and small craft navigable to Newburn, six miles above Newcastle. The corporation are conservators of the river, and annually go their boundaries on Ascension day, in their Barge, accompanied by a number of boats.

THE QUAY,

Is one of the finest in England, and there are two very convenient Cranes for delivering ships.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE,

Is a very good one: the revenue which this Custom-house brings to Government, said Mr Brookly, must be very considerable, as all coals exported from hence, in British bottoms, pay upwards of fourteen shillings per Newcastle chaldron duty, except those sent to any place subject to the British Government.

Pray sir, said my brother, which of the numberless

berless collieries in this country produces the best coal? Why, sir, replied Mr Brookly, Walker, Wall's-end, and Bigge's main, generally bring the best price at the London market, but Whitefield coals are those of which the greatest quantity are exported: Montague main coals are much burnt in Newcastle, but there are many other very valuable collieries in the counties of Northumberland and Durham.—This account brought us to

THE TRINITY-HALL,

Which is an exceeding good room, neatly ornamented with ships, &c. there is a neat Chapel belonging to the Trinity-house, and a sermon is preached annually on the first monday in the year, before the master and brethren, by their Chaplain. There are likewise alms-houses, belonging to the Trinity-house, where a number of poor widows, and decayed brethren, are comfortably maintained. On Trinity monday, the gentlemen of the Trinity-house, go down the river in their barge, to take the foundings of the Bar, &c. From hence we had a pleasant walk to

SAINT ANNE'S CHAPEL.

We were charmed with the neatness and simplicity which adorned this elegant little Chapel, both without and within: on enquiring who was
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the Architect, we were told that it was built from a plan of Mr Newton, a gentleman whose works we had more than once admired in our view of Newcastle: whilst we were admiring the delightful prospect we had from this place, of the river Tyne and its banks, Mr Brookly informed us, that there were several very extensive rope-walks in this neighbourhood, and that a great number of ships were also built near this place.—It is almost three o'clock, said Mrs Brookly, looking up at the Chapel clock.—I wish it had not been so late, said I.—This wish was scarcely out of my lips, when I blushed at the absurdity of it: if we made a good use of time when present, we need not regret it when it is past:—but I wished it had been sooner, that I might have walked a little further;—our wishes are sometimes *unseasonable*, as well as *unreasonable*; the words of the elegant author of the Night-thoughts immediately occurred to me.

“Wishing of all employments, is the worst,
Philosophy’s reverse, and health’s decay:
Were I as plump as stall’d theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, the constant hectic of a fool.”

What

What building is that, said the Parson, which stands by the road side?

That building, sir, said Mr Brookly, is

THE KEELMEN'S HOSPITAL.

Which was built by themselves in 1701. The late John Simpson, Esq. of Bradley in the county of Durham, left a hundred pounds, by will to this Hospital, the interest of which, (at five per cent.) is to be distributed annually on the twenty-third day of December, amongst the oldest keelmen in this Hospital. We now returned home to dinner.

It is an observation of a very sensible lady of my acquaintance, that most people wear the *right side* of their face outward, but I believe Mr Brookly's face had no *wrong side*; friendship and good-nature, seemed to mark his character, as strongly as sense and politeness did that of his lady.—— These were my reflections, but they were interrupted by Edmond, who desired me to look at some prints with which Mr Brookly's dining-room was ornamented. One was an elegant print of the

HERMITAGE OF WARKWORTH,

Taken from Doctor Percy's beautiful poem;— a poem I had often read,—but could never sufficiently admire.——The view was on the outside of the Hermitage.——What a sweet romantic place

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it appears to be, said Louisa—how fit for contemplation and retirement—these are the hermit's words

“ This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.”

Sweet lines !——I particularly admired the expression in the figures, especially on the countenance of the hermit.—The following were the verses under the picture.

“ But thou the honors of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.”

The Percy's (said Mr Brookly) are an ancient, and a truly noble family.

“ He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid :
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.”

It was truly a mournful tale ;——Bertram had but too much reason to say that “Length of life is length of woe”

There, said Mr Brookly, pointing to a print of the

BATTLE

BATTLE OF CHEVY CHASE,

Is another representation of our Northumbrian achievements.

The fierceness which appeared on the countenances of the figures in this picture, formed a striking contrast to those in the last.

These verses in the celebrated ballad from whence this picture is taken, are greatly admired, said Edmond.

“He had a bow bent in his hand
Made of a trusty yew ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head he drew :”

“Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
Aright the shaft he set
The grey-goose-wing, that was thereon
In his heart’s blood was wet.”

They may be much admired, said I, but I cannot say I admire the subject.

What makes you so attentive to that picture? said Edmond, laying his hand gently on Louisa’s shoulder, who was still looking at the Hermitage of Warkworth.——Because I am a great admirer of Hermits, replied she, I have a little piece, written by a friend of mine, in the character of a Hermit, which I will shew you some convenient

opportunity. My brother now proposed another walk, and we rambled to the building called

SIR WALTER BLACKETT'S HOSPITAL.

A neat brick building, with the Newcastle arms over the centre door. It consists of eighteen apartments; the six first, for six unmarried men, decayed free burghesses of this town, founded by the late Sir Walter Blackett, Baronet, a worthy magistrate, and representative of Newcastle in seven successive parliaments. The next is for six unmarried women, founded by Thomas Davidson Esq. of Ferryhill in the county of Durham; and the remaining six, for a governess and five sisters, widows of protestant ministers and merchants, founded by Mrs Davidson, relict of a Mr Davidson, formerly a merchant here.

There is also another hospital here for poor widows, and near this place stands

THE BARBER SURGEON'S HALL.

This is also a very handsome brick building, and is a very good room in the inside.

THE BRIDEWELL.

The rooms on the ground floor are arched with brick; the prisoners are allowed two-pence a day, and firing; the keeper has no salary but the profits of the prisoner's work.——Come said Mr Brookly,

Brookly, you shall have a pleasant walk home; up

THE PANDON DEAN.

This walk, said Mr Brookly, is much frequented in summer by the genteel people of this town.—It is a sweet rural place indeed, said Louisa;—the sheep feeding on the banks, and the neat little gardens, give it a picturesque appearance.

Who, said I to Edmond, would ever choose to return to Mr Brookly's through the streets, when one can have such a delightful walk this way?

Neither you nor I would choose it, Juliet, said he; but if the generality of mankind, were of our way of thinking, what would become of trade and commerce? we prefer retirement, and a country life, to all the bustle and parade of cities and towns;—we would choose to frame our lives, by the lines of your favorite poet.

“Content,

Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heav'n.”

You should have begun the lines three words before, Sir, said I smiling, and then you would have included “An elegant sufficiency.”

No, Juliet; replied he—a sufficiency, I grant, is necessary; but, “An elegant one” seldom adds much to the happiness of its possessors.

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“A competence is all we can enjoy ;
 More like a flash of water from a loch,
 Quickens our spirit’s movement for an hour,
 But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
 Above our native temper’s common spring.”

Edmond, though a young man, had learnt, what many people never learn, to be contented with a little.

Your bread is excellent indeed Madam, said my brother, to Mrs Brookly, while we were at tea— There is no better corn in England, said Mr Brookly, than is grown in many parts of Northumberland.——After tea, I reminded Louisa of the verses she promised to shew us.—Here they are, said she, taking a paper from her pocket-book, and giving it to the Parson, begged he would read them.

THE VERSES.

Far from the lofty dome, and gilded hall,
 Within my cot calm peace her mansion keeps ;
 Where spreading ivy binds the humble wall,
 And fragrant jessmine o’er the casement creeps.
 Let those whose vows at fortune’s shrine are paid,
 Laugh at retirement, and the hermit’s cell ;
 But ah ! the transient flower of youth will fade,
 Nor can mankind the shafts of time repel.

When

When the dull hours of fable night are fled,
 The whistling blackbird, and the bleating fold,
 Call me to walk where summer's hand has spread
 The new-mown hay, or fields of waving gold.

Near ocean's ebbing stream, my penfive soul
 'Mongst rocks, and echoing caves delights to
 stray,

Where waves on waves retiring, backward roll,
 And say thus passes human life away.

When wintry storms come gathering all around,
 In social converse then I bear a part,
 With those whom friendship's sacred claim has
 bound

With filken cords around my kindred heart.

Instruction lives within the well-told tale,

When sage experience joins her voice to truth,
 And fond remembrance draws aside the veil,

Which time has cast upon the scenes of youth.

Thus shall my days unclouded glide away,

By nature guided, and to virtue just ;

Till time on me shall shed its parting ray,

And hope, and fear, shall sleep alike in dust.

Mrs Brookly was greatly pleased with these verses, and desired a copy.—Your verses, Louisa, said Edmond smiling, may be written by a hermit, but in my opinion, they are no more suitable to that
 character,

character, than if your hermit had sung Tally O. I suppose, Edmond, said I, you think he is of too conversible a disposition for a hermit.—I never before heard of any hermits who were so social, I assure you, replied he.—I think, said the Parson, the verses have very little connection with each other.——

“Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.”

Said my brother, very gravely, taking the paper from him.—Some company coming in, put an end to any further being said on the subject, and the conversation turned on indiffererent subjects till

SUPPER.

This is a very fine bird, indeed, said Louisa, though I really do not know the name of it, for I never tasted any of the kind before.

They are called moor-game, madam, replied Mrs Brookly, and are a bird not to be found any where in this island, except in the northern parts of it, particularly on the moors in Cumberland and Northumberland, where there are large broods of them.

At supper, we particularly admired some very curious wine-glasses, and were informed by Mr Brookly, that there are very extensive glass-manufactories carried on in this town and neighbourhood.

Was

Was there good sport at Newcastle races this year, uncle? said Edmond. But indifferent, replied Mr Brookly; the races here are much fallen off within these few years, I think, though the king's hundred, and several subscription purses, are still continued, and our race-ground is as good as any in England of the same extent.

As horse-racing was a subject I by no means understood, I attended no further to this conversation, but chatted with Mrs Brookly and Louisa, till the time of retiring.

SUNDAY MORNING.

I particularly admire the concluding lines of the beautiful Hymn in the fifth book of Paradise lost.

“Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.”

Having breakfasted, we accompanied Mr and Mrs Brookly, to

SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH.

I had not been in this church before, and was much pleased with the neatness of it. The service was read by the reverend Mr Haigh, and I may truly say, I never heard it read with greater reverence, nor with greater judgment.

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The reverend Mr N. Ellifon gave us an excellent discourse from the 4th. chapter of the Epistle general of Saint James, and the 11th. verse, "Speak not evil one of another, brethren."—It were to be wished that the precept contained in this text, was universally followed.

THE CHARITY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

In this parish, was founded (said Mrs Brookly) by Mrs Attley and Mrs Baker, two ladies, whose eminent virtues are an ornament to this country; their charity is unbounded; their humanity is extended to all, and it may justly be said of them, that they *feed the hungry, and clothe the naked.*

I was particularly pleased with this institution; the dearth of almost every necessary article of life, too often renders it impossible for the poor, though industrious mechanic, to have his children instructed in those branches of useful knowledge which are likely to be beneficial to them in their progress through life; and therefore to see the hand of benevolence stretched out on such an occasion, must afford pleasure to every good mind; for human nature may be compared to a diamond, whatever may be its intrinsic value, it cannot be expected to shine, till polished by the hand of Education.—After church, we took a walk to

THE

THE CASTLE LEAZES.

Every freeman of this corporation, said Mr Brookly, has a right to stint two cows in this pasture, from the twenty-ninth of May to Martinmas.—There is here a mill for the manufacture of tobacco, and several corn mills.

The prospect here is very pleasant, said Louisa.

You seem very partial to Newcastle, Louisa, said Edmond, smiling. Why not sir? replied she, smiling again. We now returned to Mr Brookly's.

DINNER.

This is a very fine hare, indeed, said I.

Are hares plentiful in this country sir, said my brother?

They are rather scarce this season, replied our good friend, though I am told, there is a great number in other parts of England.

There was a great many in Northumberland last year, said Edmond.

I could not have believed, said the Parson, that fruit would have grown to such perfection in this northern part of the kingdom.

Not only fruit, but garden-stuff of every kind is in great plenty, and great perfection in this neighbourhood, replied Edmond.

After the usual toasts, Mrs Brookly gave the

Duke of York and the British army, a toast which was drank with the greatest pleasure by every one present.—I had promised to accompany Edmond this afternoon to

HANOVER SQUARE CHAPEL,

Though both Edmond and I, preferred the service of the church of England to any other, yet, we were by no means so bigotted as to refuse joining in the public worship of any other christian sect: for however we might differ from the Dissenters in some points, we well knew, that error in judgment, is not sin; and that universal charity is one of the first precepts of the christian religion.

I greatly admired the hymns and manner of singing at this chapel.

The reverend Mr Turner, a gentleman whose great abilities I had often heard spoken of in the highest terms, gave us an excellent sermon from the 14th. chapter of Revelations, and the 13th. verse, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—And I must say, I never heard a finer discourse.

This chapel, said I to Edmond, is really a neat place.

A very neat place indeed, replied he;—there is

is a great number of meeting-houses in Newcastle, chiefly Presbyterian.

We purposed taking leave of our kind friends on Tuesday, as it was our intention to make a further tour into the north.—At tea, this afternoon, the discourse turned upon the subject of travelling. Travelling, said the Parson, greatly improves the mind, and instructs people in that most valuable of all knowledge, the knowledge of the world.

Very true, replied my brother, a thorough knowledge of the world is indeed a valuable acquisition, but it is an expression which is used in as many different senses, as any phrase I know of: for instance, *knowledge of the world*, with some people, is confined to an acquaintance with polite life, and consists in being well versed in the ceremonies and compliments of a drawing-room, and perfectly skilled in the modes and fashions of the age.

Some people, said Mr Brookly, who pretend to a great *knowledge of the world*, are apt to represent human nature as a compound of every thing that is wrong, and are sure to ascribe every action of their fellow-creatures, to some bad motive, so that in short this kind of *knowledge of the world* may, more properly, be called, a knowledge of all that is base and treacherous.

Knowledge

Knowledge of the world, in my opinion, said Edmond, consists in forming a right judgment of the various characters of those we converse with ; and a capacity to use that judgment, in such a manner as to make it useful to ourselves, in our commerce with the world : but, at the same time, all this is only to be acquired by attention and experience.—This was Edmond's explanation of *Knowledge of the World*,—He explained it according to his own ideas,—and—according to mine also.—As nothing material occurred this evening, we will pass it over thus—

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MONDAY.

After breakfast, we agreed to take another walk, and sallied to

THE MANSION HOUSE.

This house, said Mr Brookly, is the residence of the mayor of Newcastle for the time being, and is a large and convenient building.

NEWCASTLE BRIDGE.

The great flood, which happened in November 1771, carried away the bridge here, and every other

ther bridge on the river Tyne, except Corbridge. This bridge was opened about the year 1780; the five first arches from Newcastle, belong to the corporation, and were built by the late Mr Wooler, who was an engineer under Government: the three remaining arches, which belong to the See of Durham, were built by Mr Mylne, who built Blackfriars bridge at London, two eminent men in their profession.

This bridge, said Mr Brookly, is rather narrow, being only twenty-two feet and a half broad, within the battlements; it was the wish of the corporation to have made it seven feet broader but the then bishop of Durham would not agree to it.

In pulling down the remains of the old bridge, there was found in the third pier from the Newcastle shore, a stone Coffin, between five and six feet below the surface of the old bridge, which Coffin was upwards of six feet long, and about twenty inches broad: there was no inscription on it, to say when it had been deposited there, but it must have lain there a great number of years, as there was a tower built over this pier, which was used as a prison; and from every account the old bridge stood upwards of five hundred years.—Here Mr Brookly told us the following very

REMARKABLE

REMARKABLE STORY.

About the year 1559, Mr Francis Anderson, a merchant of Newcastle, accidentally dropped a ring from his finger, over this Bridge; which identical ring, was brought back again, after some time, in a fish, bought in Newcastle market, by a servant of the gentleman who dropped the ring, and thus unexpectedly restored to its owner.—It is generally supposed that the fish in which it was found, was a Salmon: This remarkable ring is at present in the possession of Mr Edward Anderson of this town, who is a descendant of the person to whom the accident happened. Wonderful indeed! exclaimed Louisa;—that the ring should be swallowed by a fish is very surprising, but that the fish should be bought by a servant of the gentleman who lost the ring is astonishing indeed.

It is a fact, I assure you Madam, returned Mr Brookly. I thought this story the most remarkable one I ever heard. This ring, thought I, was unexpectedly restored to its owner, and it is the same with many of the blessings which are showered on us, in our passage through life; if we lose sight of them, but for a short time, we are but too apt to imagine they are gone for ever: Not considering that the same kind providence which bestowed

flowed them on us at first, will not fail, sooner or later, to restore them seven-fold to those who deserve its mercies.

GATESHEAD.

This place, said Mr Brookly, is in the county of Durham.—This street has undergone great alterations within these few years, and in my opinion, much for the better, as the old road had a remarkable ascent, and was also very narrow, which inconveniences are greatly remedied in this new road. This street led us to the

CHURCH OF SAINT MARY'S, OVER

Which is a very ancient building.

A large donation of plate, said Mrs Brookly, was presented to this church, for the service of the Altar, by Mrs Anne Shaftoe of Newcastle, daughter of the reverend Mr Shaftoe, formerly Rector of Gateshead; a lady whose virtues are an ornament to her sex, and whose liberality is unbounded, both in public and private charities.

Who has this living at present, Sir? said Edmond.

Doctor Thorpe, replied Mr Brookly, the worthy Archdeacon of Northumberland; a gentleman whose many virtues are eminently conspicuous, both in public and domestic life.

His lady, said Mrs Brookly, is equally respect-

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ed by all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance; and the constant blessings of the poor, who daily experience her benevolence, are ever attendant on her.—We next viewed the ruins of an

OLD ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL,

Which was destroyed at the Rebellion in 1745.

It is to be lamented, said Mrs Brookly, that places consecrated to religious worship should not always be revered in times of civil commotions.

—How strange it is, said Louisa, that the multitude should at one time be ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of a form of Government, which at another time, they are ready to lend their assistance to pull down!—They resemble *you* in that respect, Louisa, said Edmond, for the multitude look upon laws and governments, as you ladies do upon dress and fashions: they idolize them at first, but when time has familiarized them to their view, they grow weary of them, and think, like many weak people now-a-days, that every change is for the better.—Nay sir, replied she, I do not think that the ladies are a whit more chargeable with fickleness in point of fashion, than the gentlemen are, though I must do *you* the justice to say, sir, that you follow fashion no further than is consistent with reason.

Having

Having viewed every thing remarkable in Gatehead, we returned to Mr Brookly's.

Really sir, said the Parson to Mr Brookly, Newcastle exceeds every idea I had formed of it; whether we consider it in point of trade, popularity, or elegance, it is certainly inferior to no town I ever saw.

We all expressed our acquiescence in what the Parson had said, and concluded with thanking Mr and Mrs Brookly for their very kind attention in shewing us whatever was worthy of our notice.

The next morning, we took leave of our amiable friends, and set forward on our tour into the North.

F I N I S.

10 JUL 68